

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1847.

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TO OUR READERS.

Annual Subscribers whose names are entered in the Book at our Office, and whose Subscriptions are paid in advance to Christmas next, are ALONE entitled to an Admission to the forthcoming Annual Concert, which will be given in June or July next.

Our Subscribers will be presented with No. 22, an IMPROMPTU, composed expressly for the "Musical World," by CHARLES LUDERS.

CARLOTTA GRISI.

WEALTHY as London has been for this two months past in the treasures of choregraphic art the latest arrival has doubled the store. Carlotta reached England on Sunday, by the steamer from Boulogne. Her coming was heralded by fine weather. The sun, who had hid himself for a month behind a cloud, emerged from his obscurity and went forth to meet Carlotta on the beach. Since her arrival he has never ceased to shine. Who can blame him for loving to rest his beams upon the fairest of his children?

To-night, the eyes of the faithful will once more gaze upon the form of Esmeralda, which, for two years past, has mocked them in visions. To-night, Carlotta will once more shine in her own hemisphere—the brightest star of all.

With Jenny Lind in opera and Carlotta in ballet Mr. Lumley may safely rest upon his oars; the boat, moved by its own impetus, will float him on to fortune.

MADAME BALFE.

THIS accomplished artist and amiable lady has announced a grand *Soirée Musicale*, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. The performance will take place in the Music Hall, Store Street, and the members of the Amateur Society will give their assistance. The programme promises to be one of very great interest. The music will be entirely selected from Balfé's operas of *Falstaff* and *L'Etoile de Seville*. The former opera, though it has not been played since the first season of its production at Her Majesty's Theatre, is one of the best of all the operas of the composer, and its revival has long been ardently desired by the habitués of the establishment. The latter was produced at the *Académie Royale* in Paris, for which it was expressly written. The curiosity to hear it in England is naturally very great, and, from the opinions we have gathered from the best continental judges, it is every way worthy the reputation of its popular composer. The selections from these operas will be executed by Madame Castellan, Madame Balfé, Signor Gardoni, Signor Coletti, Her Staudigl, Sig. Lablache, and others. These eminent artists, backed by the excellent and numerous orchestra of the Amateur Society, will ensure a performance of the most sterling order. Among other attractions will be a new manuscript ballad, composed by

Mr. Balfé, and sung by Mrs. Balfé. Mr. Balfé will conduct the concert. The *soirée* will be held on Wednesday, June 9th. We have not the slightest doubt that Madame Balfé will find that encouragement due to her talent and amiability, and that the room will be crowded to suffocation.

SIGNOR AND MADAME RONCONI.

THERE has been some little unpleasantness in connection with the opera of *Maria di Rohan*, which has sown a temporary disunion among the excellent troupe of the Royal Italian Opera. It was evident that neither the public, nor the press, were satisfied with Madame Ronconi's performance of the part of the heroine—a part which belonged to Grisi, and which for the well-going of the opera should have been played by Grisi. To please Signor Ronconi, however, the direction awarded it to his lady. The latter, quite alive to the unfavourable impression she had produced, wrote the following letter to the principal journals, two days subsequent to the first representation of *Maria di Rohan*:—

"10, Cavendish Road, St. John's Wood.

MONSIEUR,—Des personnes ou malveillantes ou mal informées, ont prétendu que j'ai exigé de la direction le rôle de *Maria di Rohan*, pour mes débuts—ce rôle m'a été gracieusement offert par Madame Grisi, à Paris, et je ne l'ai accepté que dans la ferme conviction qu'elle ne voudrait pas s'en charger. Mais aussitôt que j'ai appris les desirs des abonnés, je me suis empressée de me rendre en personne chez la célèbre artiste, et je l'ai suppliée de grâce de jouer le rôle. J'espère qu'elle voudra bien se rendre à ma prière et aux vœux du public, afin que j'aie la satisfaction d'être la première à l'admirer et l'applaudir, agreez, &c., &c.

GIOVANNINA RONCONI."

The *Morning Chronicle* accompanies the publication of this letter with the following tribute to the "head and heart" of the writer.

"This is a letter which reflects equal credit on the head and the heart of the writer, who, if she cannot acquire the suffrages of a public as an artiste, must, at least, command their sympathies as a woman. It also shows how great is the truly artistic feeling, excluding all selfish considerations existing at the Royal Italian Opera."

It appears, however, that the writer reckoned without his host. Madame Grisi consented to play the part, and, of course, required (not having performed it for four years) a reasonable time to refresh herself in the study of it. But, this would not do for Madame Ronconi, who, as it turns out, induced Signor Ronconi to insist upon the second performance of *Maria di Rohan* taking place last Tuesday; to which the management objecting, on the plea, that Madame Grisi could not possibly be ready, the Signor adopted the very uncourteous proceeding of inserting an advertisement in *The Times*, to the effect, that he was ready to play the part on that day, and had written "to his director, Signor Persiani," to that purport.

The engagement with the Ronconis was made by Signor Persiani, and the advertisement denoted, that Signor Ron-

coni only acknowledges that gentlemen as his director, whereby he wilfully, and foolishly overlooks the absolute constitution of the management of the Royal Italian Opera, and offers an unprovoked slight to the other worthy individuals who form part of the quorum, and, especially, to the amiable and intelligent director in chief, Mr. Beale, whose authority has been recognised as undivided by the general consent of the shareholders of the speculation. This is the more ungrateful, since it must have been well understood, by Signor Ronconi, that Madame Ronconi, who is at best a second-rate artist and has no reputation whatever, was only engaged on the liberal terms that are accorded her in deference to his (Signor Ronconi's) feelings, and in respect to his undeniable abilities. But we much question, if matters are to take this turn, whether even the Signor's services, valuable as they may be regarded, are worth having at such a sacrifice. The opera of *Maria di Rohan* was brought out at a large expense, the *mise en scene* costing not a penny less than eight hundred guineas. Madame Ronconi's three superb dresses, upon which she insisted—resolving, it would seem, to look well, if she could not sing well—were supplied, at a considerable outlay, on the part of the establishment, which, considering the effect they produced, was little better than thrown away. It would be rather hard upon the Royal Italian Opera shareholders to saddle them with such enormous disbursements for an opera that, performed as it was in one particular, would have kept money out of the house—or, on the other hand, for an opera that should only be given *one night*. The gentlemanly and liberal behaviour of the directors of the establishment towards the artists employed has been unanimously lauded—and it is ill done on the parts of two of the most largely remunerated to repay that behaviour in so unhandsome a manner. In conclusion, we promise to make all the facts, connected with this matter known to the public as they have occurred or as they may occur. We are always ready to be the artist's champion, but we are equally forward to own that the manager is occasionally, as in this remarkable instance, in great want of an advocate.

JENNY LIND AND MR. BUNN.

IN recounting the impressions produced by the Swedish Nightingale on our English audiences, we have overlooked the question pending between her and the worthy lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. An inquiring letter from a subscriber has, however, recalled the subject to our attention. Since the last letters were printed in connection with this complex affair the following was sent to Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, while she was still at Vienna.

"London, March 16, 1847.

MADMOISELLE,—I have received, through the hands of Mr. Lumley's solicitor, a copy of a letter with your signature, dated Vienna, the 28th ult.; and before I reply to the offer you have therein made, I must take leave to correct some of the assertions it contains. You know perfectly well that, as respects 'The Camp of Silesia,' had you not broken your contract, M. Meyerbeer undertook to lend me its music, and to come to England and conduct it; and as respects the other opera you agreed to play ('*Le Sonnambula*') its translation and all its music have been for years in this theatre. You were induced, in the first instance, to violate your engagement through the misrepresentations made to you by parties in Mr. Lumley's interest, well known to me, affecting my own character and that of my own theatre; and your resolution was confirmed by the enormous offers, in excess of mine, subsequently made you. I owe it, therefore, to my own honour to make such stipulations with you in any proposed arrangement arising out of your want of faith as will exonerate me to my public from appearing to have broken mine. You offer me £2,000, to annul your contract with me; but, acting on the soundest legal advice, I shall lay my damages at a far larger sum if compelled to proceed against you. As, however, my object is to maintain the integrity of this establishment by the engagements I enter into, and not with fines

offered by those who break them, I will consent to take the £2,000, you offer as a partial compensation, and trust for any further indemnity to the result of your singing three times in this theatre (before you sing elsewhere in England) in any language you prefer. This is a *sine quâ non* with me; as I am determined, as far as I have the power, to falsify the assertions of those who have ventured to malign me.—I have the honour to be, &c. A. BUNN."

Mr. Bunn consented then to take the £2,000. But consenting to take it and getting it are two very different matters. The subjoined advertisement, indeed, would seem to insinuate that they were absolute contraries.

"THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—MADMOISELLE JENNY LIND.—The Lessee begs to state that the engagement entered into with this artist having been violated by her, and she having been announced, on her arrival in this country, to sing at another theatre, he has no alternative but to carry out the assurance, conveyed to the public through his prospectus at the commencement of the season, viz., that of immediately instituting legal proceedings against her."

The above was inserted, by Mr. Bunn, in all the morning papers, and was followed by the paragraph below, which appeared in *The Times* a day or two afterwards.

"MR. BUNN AND JENNY LIND.—An action has been commenced, by Mr. Bunn, in the Court of Queen's Bench, against Jenny Lind, for an alleged breach of contract; and, on Friday last, an appearance to the writ of summons, issued a few days previously, was entered by a solicitor on the part of the defendant. The next proceeding will be the declaration, in which the plaintiff will estimate his damages. Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Cockburn, Q. C., have been retained for Mr. Bunn. The cause cannot be tried until the sitting after Trinity Term, commencing the middle of July."

And here, for the present, the matter stands. As we began by taking an interest in this legal dispute, we think it our duty to our readers to publish whatever may transpire, in order that they may be so thoroughly initiated with the proceedings as to enable them to form their own judgment. It is a knotty point and Mademoiselle Lind's immense success may possibly have some influence on its ultimate decision.

MEMOIR OF MADMOISELLE ALBONI.

(From the Morning Chronicle.)

Marietta Alboni was born at Cesena, in 1826; she is, therefore, barely two-and-twenty. Contrary to the wishes of her parents, she was at an early age sent to the Academy of Bologna, where her musical education was conducted under the immediate superintendence of ROSSINI, for whose compositions the lady evinced an early and passionate predilection. "Il Gran Maestro," during the first month of her education, upon being questioned as to the lyric destiny of his pupil, replied, "At present her voice is like that of an itinerant ballad singer, but the town will be at her feet before she is a year older." And, in fact, scarcely a year had elapsed when she received the honorary medal, accompanied with an order for appearance. She accordingly appeared for the first time at the Opera, in Bologna, in DONIZETTI's *Lucenia Borgia*, being then scarcely sixteen. The result of this *début* was an immediate engagement for the Scala, at Milan; and the manager of that theatre renewed her engagement for four successive seasons, after her admirable creation of *Leonora*, in Donizetti's *Favorita*. From Milan, Alboni proceeded to Vienna, where she won fresh laurels, being the *prima donna* there for three consecutive seasons. Middle Alboni's career from that period has been one of steady uninterrupted success, when she shone forth at the Royal Italian Opera like some dazzling meteor, second to none amid the galaxy of overwhelming talent, the veritable and perfect exponents of the lyric drama, who now grace the boards. No preliminary puffery, no ill-judged laudation, no fulsome adulation preceded the advent of Middle Alboni. But the audience on her first

appearance in *Arsace* were astounded at the wondrous sweetness and capacity of her organ, and our audiences, be it said, now possess a taste and appreciation in musical matters not quite so contemptible as some of the continental *dilettanti* formerly ascribed to us. To La Alboni are we indebted for that beautiful aria "In si barbara" in *Semiramide*—hitherto suppressed for want of a contralto with sufficient compass capable of giving full effect to the brilliant conception of the composer. Marietta Alboni is to Rossini, what Jenny Lind is to Meyerbeer. She has reached that pinnacle of celebrity her great master predicted she would attain; he witnessed the budding of that renown it was his pride to foster and enhance. Rossini himself signed her two first engagements. "I am," said he to her in 1840, "the subscribing witness to your union with renown, and success and happiness attend the union." A characteristic trait of the high-minded independence of Mdle. Alboni deserves to be recorded. Soon after her arrival at Berlin, she was asked if she had waited on M.—. "No," said the lady, "what is this M.—?" "Oh! added her querist, "he is the most influential journalists in Prussia." "Well," exclaimed Alboni, "and what is that to me?" "Why," rejoined her friend, "if you do not before-hand insure his favourable report you are ruined!" "Well," rejoined the artiste, "let it be as Heaven directs, but I wish it to be understood that, in my breast, the woman reigns paramount to the artiste; and though failure were the result, I would never degrade myself by purchasing success at so humiliating a price." This, too, was at a time when her reputation was not firmly established. The anecdote was related in the fashionable salons of Berlin, and, to the honour of the society in that metropolis be it said, the noble sentiment of the young artiste was properly appreciated, for King William invited the spirited *cantatrice* to sing at his Court, where she received the well-deserved plaudits of an enraptured and admiring auditory, and from royalty more substantial proofs of the estimation in which her talents and integrity were held. Mdle. Alboni's last engagement prior to her arrival in London, was at Venice, where she created quite a *furor* as *Rosina* in the *Barber of Seville*, *Cenerentola*, *Tancredi*, *L'Italiana*, &c. Her next part will be *Orsini*, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, at the Royal Italian Opera; and she will appear in succession in *Tancredi*, *Pietro in Linda di Chamouni*, *Pippo in La Gazza Ladra*, *Malcolm in La Donna del Lago*, &c. A new opera for the display of her varied powers will be expressly composed for her, for the season 1848, by an eminent composer. The extraordinary compass of her organ, combining as it does the complete register of a contralto and of a mezzo soprano, will afford every opportunity to the composer to develop her vocal and histrionic genius more decidedly even than in her existing repertoire. Although Mdle. Alboni possesses considerably *embonpoint*, her stage deportment is graceful and appropriate; her features are handsome, and in the expression of her face she can pourtray every varied emotion. The unrivalled charm of her voice, and her wonderful ease in singing, are now known to the whole of the musical public, and the rapture excited by her performances is unbounded.

VIEUXTEMPS' NEW CONCERTO.

(From *La Gazette Musicale*.)

"The arrival of Vieuxtemps in Paris, the virtuoso who sings on his violin as Rubini does with his voice, was one of the events of the season. The concert he gave on the 5th of April, in the Salle Herz, attracted the *élite* of the artistes of Paris, who all, without exception, applauded the above beautiful composition, as well as the admirable execution of the great artiste. Vieuxtemps's first concerto, a majestic composition, brilliantly

instrumented, full of orchestral effects, abounding in ideas, all of which are made accessory to the general design, has been for these six years admired by every connoisseur; but as this remarkable work had been preceded and followed by a number of trivial fantasias, a report got abroad that the author had been assisted by others in the composition of this fine concerto. Now, however, Vieuxtemps returns to us armed with a rich and beautiful composition, resembling that which we first heard, in style, energy, and completeness, which has placed his reputation as an original composer for the violin on a firmer basis. The *tutti* of this new concerto—or rather, let us say, of this noble symphony, in which the violin, the king of instruments, is grandly predominant—commences with a poetical phrase, given by the flutes, the oboes, and the clarionets, afterwards repeated by the stringed instruments. The horns and trumpets announce the theme of the solo, which the principal instrument speedily attacks; then follows a striking and melodious *cantabile* for the clarionets; and above all the hubbub of the orchestra, the violin is heard crying like Virgil's Neptune, "Quos ego!" At the sound of this powerful voice the harmonious tumult subsides, and subsequently follows, assists, flatters, and caresses the voice of the violin as it revels in ethereal accents and in melodious sounds, which succeed each other diatonically with inconceivable rapidity. In these ascending and descending chromatic passages, not a single note is found missing by the most experienced violinist. The principal subject of the first solo, on the fourth string, is full of grandeur and grace; it is delineated on the sustained notes of the violins and the pizzicato of the basses; then comes a *tremolo* for the principal violins, in a *diapason* brought out with new effects, above all with that recitative that walks so poetically hand-in-hand with this *tremolo* of the orchestra. The orchestra replies by a succession of chords, and the principal part is heard above all in the grand subject of the first solo. The principal passage of the second solo is varied with charmingly natural modulations, and is gorgeously instrumented. The recitative returns in the primitive key, and with the same *tremolo* on the high notes of the orchestral violins. To this recitative a long *cadence* follows, which connects itself by a grand passage, bowed with the lower part of the *archet*, and executed in the smooth and tranquil manner that characterises the style of Vieuxtemps, and by which his rhythmical precision, and his legitimate desire to truthfully interpret every note of the most difficult passages, is shown to admiration. On a characteristic roll of the kettle-drums, rich orchestral effects intervene before the reprise of the principal *motivo*. A sliding leap from the highest octave of the fifth position on a D sharp of the third string, if we recollect aright, an easy and insignificant effect, repeated twice, quite astonishes the ignorant amateur. This fall from the top to the bottom of the instrument, recalls to us the sonnet of Oronte, in the *Misanthrope*, so much praised by Philinte, although we have no intention of applying the reparte of *Alceste* to Vieuxtemps. The *adagio* of this beautiful concerto is a tranquil and beautiful elegy, in C major, grave and natural in style, the melody simple, the harmony clear, and the instrumentation clever, though not complicated. These just praises authorise us in finding the encore awarded this movement, somewhat exaggerated. The honour was better merited by the last movement of the concerto. This *finale* unites the richness of accompaniments to the originality of melody, and the Paganini-like boldness of the first part. The subject is a charming *Sicilienne*, in A minor. We know not which to admire most—the elegance of the theme and the variety and beauty of the accessory ideas, or the vivacity and fire with which the player interprets it. *Staccato* passages, crisp and pearly—double octaves, powerful, and perfectly intoned—abound in this piece of vigorous execution. In a *colfa*, fiery and dramatic, the principal subject returns with double octaves, of which we have just spoken, and sustained by the bassoon, which the composer has employed most happily; then follows a passage for the flutes, in the form of the *Ranz des vaches*, responded to by the clarionettes; and then a brilliant shake on the dominant, under which is heard a beautiful melody by the clarionettes and flutes; and then again a thousand melodies and ingenious and bold harmonies, that transport and enrapture the auditor, and make him again wish to hear this beautiful instrumental composition, and the artist who wrote it, and could alone so beautifully interpret it."

[The above, need we say, is from the pen of Henri Blanchard.—D.R.]

BOUCHER AND BEETHOVEN.

(From the French of Castil-Blaze.)

Boucher, the violinist, setting out on a musical tour, took care to be provided with plenty of letters of introduction; among them, no less than twenty were addressed to Beethoven. On Boucher's arrival in Vienna he was anxious to pay homage to the "greatest musician of the day." Boucher traversed the faubourgs of Vienna, endeavouring to find his abode, and after great difficulty succeeded, and could say "*l'ho trovato questa porta benedetto!*" but he could hardly believe his eyes when he

viewed the humble abode of the "prince of musicians." A domestic, in answer to his inquiries, informed him that Beethoven was absent from home, and that it was uncertain when he would return. Boucher had therefore no alternative than to leave his card, accompanied by one of his letters of introduction, and return to his hotel, quite disappointed in not meeting with the object of his visit. The next day he was in no better luck; to the same inquiries he had the same replies; so he left another of his letters of introduction, and another card. In this manner, fourteen days elapsed, Boucher each day, at different hours, leaving a letter and a card, but without any satisfactory result therefrom. As the time of Boucher's departure from Vienna drew near, he was determined on a *coup de grace*, viz., to deliver the whole of his remaining letters at once. Beethoven really was absent when his domestic received letter number sixteen. This letter number sixteen, nevertheless, said no more than the fifteen previously delivered, but Goethe had written it, Goethe had signed it. The whole world knew the devoted friendship of these two men of genius. Beethoven, when he received this last letter, stamped his foot, and struck his forehead with vexation; rushed out of the house, and ran into the various hotels, demanding Boucher, without success. At last he staid to rest himself at Salieri's. No sooner was he seated, than he said to him, "Find for me the violinist I have been seeking; bring him to me tomorrow; I will remain at home all day, for I absolutely must see him." Next day Boucher received a visit from Salieri, overwhelmed with joy, he hastened, with his companion, to call on Beethoven; this time he felt sure of not being denied to him. Beethoven received the French violinist with great affability, and wished him to hear his latest compositions. The *Great Master* was on the extreme verge of deafness; he played on a piano that his friend Clementi had purposely made for him in London; it was built on the principle of accoustics, and a sort of dark room of a size sufficient to hold the performer and his auditor, contained the instrument. It was in this "harmonious box," in this "mysterious nook," that Boucher was admitted several times, *tête-à-tête* with the sublime improvisateur. One day, armed with a large pair of scissors, which he found on the table, the violinist demanded permission to cut off a lock of the master's hair; this had hardly been granted, ere the precious relic was in the hands of the spoiler; not content with this, the ambitious Boucher brought forward a sheet of music paper, with which he had provided himself,—a wise precaution, as nothing was more rare in Beethoven's house, for more than one of his inspirations, sometimes even an entire composition, was written by the Great Master on a sheet of common white paper, on which he had drawn some very irregular lines.—Beethoven noted down for Boucher, a *petit duo* for two violins, a duo composed solely in one phrase of seven bars followed by these lines, "*Écrit le 29me, Avril, 1822, quand Monsieur Boucher, grand violon, me faisait l'honneur de me faire une visite.*" *Louis van Beethoven.* (written this 29th April, 1822, when M. Boucher, a great violinist, did me the honor to pay me a visit.) The illustrious musician spoke French excellently; the words "*faisait*," "*faire*," written down on the paper, presented a disagreeable combination to his delicate ear; although afflicted with deafness, the word "*faisait*," corrected several times, proved that Beethoven wished his language to be perished, and rendered more harmonious. Many of our poets are not so scrupulous.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 315.

PART II.—CHAPTER XV.

It is in a happy, peaceful condition of living together, relations, friends, inmates of the same house, converse about what is happening, or about to happen, more than is necessary or reasonable; if they repeatedly communicate to each other their projects, undertakings, and occupations, and, without actually taking mutual counsel, yet always treat the whole of life, as it were, in a consulting manner; we find, on the other hand, at important moments, just when it would seem that man stood most in need of the support and assistance of another, that the individuals retire into themselves, strive to act each on his own account, each in his own fashion; and that while the single means are mutually concealed, it is only the issue, the end, the object attained, which again becomes a common property.

After so many wondrous and unhappy events, a certain quiet seriousness had thus come over the two friends, which expressed itself in an amiable forbearance. Quite privately, Charlotte had sent the child to the chapel. There it rested, as the first sacrifice of a foreboding fate.

Charlotte, as far as was possible, returned back into practical life, and here first she found Ottilia, who stood in need of her assistance. She chiefly busied herself with her, without, however, letting it be observed. She knew how much the heavenly girl loved Edward; she had, by degrees, gradually investigated the scene which had preceded the misfortune, and had learned every circumstance, partly from Ottilia herself—partly through letters from the Major.

Ottilia, on her side, greatly lightened Charlotte's immediate existence. She was frank, even talkative, but never spoke of the present, or of that which had just past. She had always remarked—always observed, she knew much; and all this was now made manifest. She amused and diverted Charlotte, who still nourished the secret hope of seeing so estimable a pair united.

But with Ottilia it was otherwise. She had revealed to her friend the secret of her course of life; she was released from her former restraint—from her servitude. By her repentance, by her resolution, she also felt herself freed from the weight of her fault—her misfortune. She no longer needed any power over herself; in the depth of her heart she had forgiven herself only on the condition of perfect self-denial, and this condition was inviolable for the whole future.

Thus some time had passed, and Charlotte felt how the house and park, the lake, the groups of trees and rocks, revived daily in them both nothing but melancholy sensations. It was perfectly clear the place must be changed, but how this was to be done, was not so easy to decide.

Should the two ladies remain together? Edward's former desire seemed to order it—his explanation and threats to render it necessary; but it could not be mistaken, that both the ladies, with all their good will, with all their reason, with all their efforts, were in a painful position when with each other. Their conversation was of a shunning kind. Often they wished only to half-understand something; but often an expression was misinterpreted, if not by the understanding, at least, by the feelings. They feared to wound each other, and this very fear was the first both to give and receive wounds.

If they could change the place and separate, at least, for a time, then came again the old question, where was Ottilia to go? The great rich family had made vain attempts to obtain for their hopeful daughter and heiress a companion who should amuse her and stimulate her by emulation. On the last visit of the Baroness, and recently by letter, had Charlotte been exhorted to send Ottilia thither; and now she again brought the subject under discussion. But Ottilia expressly refused to go where she would find, that which is usually called, the "great world."

"My dear aunt," she said, "that I may not appear narrow and self-willed, let me speak out that which, in another case, it would be my duty to dissemble—to conceal. Persons singularly unfortunate are, even if guiltless, marked in a fearful manner. Their presence excites a sort of horror in all who see them—who perceive them. Every one wishes to observe in them the monstrous affliction to which they are subjected. Every one is curious, and, at the same time, uneasy. Thus, a house, a town, in which some monstrous deed has taken place, remains fearful to every one who enters it. There the light of day shines less brightly, and the stars seem to lose their lustre."

"How great, and yet, perhaps, excusable, is the indiscretion, the silly importunity, the awkward good-nature of people towards such unfortunate persons. Pardon me for speaking so, but I suffered incredibly for that poor girl, when Luciana brought her forward out of the private apartments of the house, treated her with kindness, and, with the best intention, wished to compel her to play and dance. When the poor girl, growing more and more uneasy, at last fled and fainted, I caught her in my arms; the company were alarmed and excited, and every one was now, for the first time, really curious about the unhappy one. I did not then think, that a similar fate awaited me; but my sympathy, so true and lively, still exists. Now I can turn my compassion upon myself, and take care not to occasion similar scenes."

"But, my dear child," said Charlotte, "you will never be able to withdraw yourself from the sight of mankind. We have no convents, in which a refuge for such feelings might be found."

"Solitude creates no refuge, dear aunt," returned Ottilia. "The

most precious refuge is to be found where we can be active. No atonement, no denial, is capable of withdrawing us from a vindictive destiny, if it is determined to persecute us. It is only if in an idle condition, I am obliged to stand as a spectacle to the world, that it becomes repulsive to me and torments me. But if I am found happy in my toil, unwearied in my duty, then I can endure the gaze of every one, as I need not fear that of God."

"I am very much mistaken," said Charlotte, "if your inclinations do not take you back to the school."

"Yes," answered Ottilia, "I do not deny it; I consider it a fortunate distinction to train others in the ordinary path, if we have been trained in the most singular manner. And do we not see in history that men, who, on account of great moral calamities, retired into the deserts, were by no means concealed and enveloped as they hoped to be? They were called back to the world, to lead wanderers into the right way; and who could do it better than those already initiated into the labyrinths of life? They have been called to assist the unhappy, and who can do it better than they whom no earthly evil can again befall?"

"You choose a singular destination," returned Charlotte. "I will not oppose you. Let it be, if only—as I hope—for a short time."

"How much I thank you," said Ottilia, "for allowing me this trial—this experiment. If I do not flatter myself too much, I shall succeed in it. In that place, I will remember how many trials I endured there, and how small, how utterly trivial, they were, compared to those which I was afterwards forced to experience. How cheerfully shall I observe the embarrassments of the young saplings, smile upon their childish sorrows, and, with gentle hand, conduct them out of all their little difficulties! The happy are not fitted to preside over the happy. It lies in human nature to require more from one's self and others, the more one has received. Only the unhappy, who have recovered themselves, know how to foster for themselves and others, the feeling that even a moderate good should be enjoyed with delight."

"Let me," said Charlotte, at last, after some hesitation, "make one more objection, which seems most important of all. The question is not about you, but about a third party. The disposition of the good, intelligent assistant is well known to you; in the path by which you go, you will become every day more valuable and indispensable. Since even now, in accordance with his feelings, he does not like to live without you, so in future, when once accustomed to your co-operation, he will, without you, be no longer able to manage his business. You will, at first, help him in it, to render it distasteful afterwards."

"Fate has not dealt gently with me," said Ottilia, "and those who love me have not perhaps anything much better to expect. Good and intelligent as our friend is, I hope that the feeling of a pure relation towards me will be developed in him. He will see in me a consecrated person, who perhaps can only outweigh a monstrous evil for herself and others, by devoting herself to that Holy Being, which invisibly surrounding us, can alone protect us against monstrous, intruding powers."

Charlotte made all that the dear girl had so feelingly uttered a subject for great consideration. She had in different ways, but most gently sounded Ottilia as to whether an union with Edward might not be possible, but the slightest mention, the least hope, the smallest suspicion seemed most deeply to move her; nay, once, when she could not avoid it, she expressed herself quite plainly on the subject.

"It," replied Charlotte, "your resolution to renounce Edward is so fixed and unchangeable, beware of the danger of seeing him again. When absent from the beloved object we seem, the more lively our affections, to have the more mastery over ourselves, by turning inwards the whole force of the passion which was directed outwards; but how soon, how swiftly are we snatched from this error when that with which we thought we could dispense, at once stands again before our eyes as indispensable? Do, now, what you consider most suitable to your circumstances; examine yourself—nay, rather change your present resolution, but do it from yourself—from your own free, willing heart. Do not let yourself be drawn by accident or by surprise into your former position; for then, for the first time, there will be a discord in the feelings, which is insupportable. As I have said, before you take this step, before

you quit me, and begin a new life, which leads you—who knows whither—reflect once more, whether you can really renounce Edward for the entire future. If you are determined upon this point, we will make a compact, that you shall have no communion with him, not even so much as a conversation, if he seeks you, or forces himself upon you." Ottilia did not reflect a moment; she gave Charlotte the promise she had already given to herself.

But now before Charlotte's mind constantly floated that threat of Edward's, that he would renounce Ottilia, only so long as she was not separated from Charlotte. Circumstances had, indeed, so much changed since that time, so much had occurred, that a word wrung from him, at the moment, might be considered void with respect to succeeding events. Nevertheless, she did not wish to venture or undertake anything that could wound him in the slightest degree, and therefore Mittler was to sound Edward's views upon this point.

Since the death of Charlotte's child, Mittler had often, though only for an instant visited her. This calamity, which made the re-union of the married couple seem improbable in the highest degree, had a powerful effect upon him; but always, according to his natural disposition, hoping and striving, he now rejoiced in secret at Ottilia's resolution. He trusted to the softening influence of passing time, thought still to bring together the married pair, and regarded these passionate emotions as mere trials of conjugal love and fidelity.

Charlotte had from the very beginning informed the Major in writing of Ottilia's first declaration, had most earnestly entreated him to prevail upon Edward, that no further steps should be taken; that all should keep quiet, and wait to see whether the feelings of the dear girl would change. She had also communicated what was most necessary of the late events and views, and now Mittler was entrusted with the difficult problem, of preparing a change in Edward's mind. Mittler, however, well knowing that one sooner puts up with that which has already happened, than consents to that which has not yet taken place, persuaded Charlotte that it was best to send Ottilia at once to school.

On this account, as soon as he had departed, preparations were made for the journey. Ottilia packed up her things, but Charlotte plainly saw that she meant to take with her, neither the beautiful chest nor anything out of it. She remained silent, and let the silent girl do as she pleased. The day of departure arrived, Charlotte's carriage was on the first day, to take Ottilia to a well-known lodging for the night, and on the second, to take her to the school. Nanny was to accompany her, and remain as her servant. This impetuous girl had, after the child's death, immediately attached herself to Ottilia, and now, clung to her as before, from nature and inclination. Nay, she appeared by her entertaining loquacity, to make up for her former omissions, and to wish thoroughly to devote herself to her beloved mistress. She was quite beside herself at the happiness of travelling with her,—of seeing new regions, as she had never been beyond the place of her birth, and she ran from the castle into the village to announce her felicity to her parents and relations, and to take leave of them. Unfortunately, in the course of these visits, she entered the rooms of persons sick with the measles, and at once felt the consequences of infection. The journey was not to be put off; Ottilia herself was urgent about it; she had already travelled on the road, she knew the people of the inn where she was to stop, the coachman of the castle took her, and there was nothing to be feared.

Charlotte made no opposition. She also in thought already hastened from the spot, and only wished to arrange for Edward, the rooms in the castle which Ottilia had inhabited, just as they had been before the arrival of the captain. The hope of receiving a past felicity always flashes up once more in man, and Charlotte was justified in forming such hopes, nay, was compelled to entertain them.

(To be continued.)

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STARTLING INFORMATION.

(From Punch's London Correspondent.)

"I have a great literary secret to impart to you, which I picked up at the door of one of the Clubs, from a porter who enjoys my confidence. My news is neither more nor less than this—which I hasten to divulge; for I am determined that your paper shall be the first, either in or out of

London, to communicate the startling intelligence. Well, then, the fact is, that Macaulay has quarrelled with the *Edinburgh Review*, and has joined *Lloyd's List*, which is shortly to appear under his avowed editorship. He commences the next number with one of his brilliant essays on shipping; and the *Edinburgh Review* will, it is expected, merge in the *Observer*, to which it will form a quarterly supplement. The *corps* of the *Edinburgh* being thus dispersed, will leave many of its writers free, and it is expected they will go over in a body to the *Musical World*, which will be enlarged to six times its present size, and will be published every half-hour. By the bye, Hallam does not write a burlesque for the Olympic, nor is the lessee in treaty with Dr. Kaye Shuttleworth; though if these two eminent men could be induced to combine their strength, an immense treat might be expected."

SONNET.

No. XXXV.

I often ask this question when alone;
Whether the love I feel for thee is wrong.
Then comes an answer like a Seraph-song,
So soft and so consoling is its tone,
Telling me thou art destin'd for my own,
That though around me many troubles throng,
I must resist them with endurance strong.
And then, at last, they all shall be o'erthrown.
Oh, think not that our love can come to nought,
And that the purest feeling man can cherish,—
A love that shows its origin from Heav'n
Such wondrous changes in my heart has wrought,
Only to fade away and sadly perish.
Think not a blessing for a curse was given.

N. D.

QUEEN'S BENCH.

RUSSELL v. SMITH.—Sergeant Talford. The plaintiff is the well-known performer of musical entertainments of his own composition; the defendant has been in the habit of imitating them. The action was brought to try the plaintiff's right. The composition was, "The Ship on Fire;" the piece was sold to Cramer and Co. The defendant, Smith, had become a servile imitator; he sang the same music and same words as Mr. Russell, who had brought this action to vindicate his right to the exclusive performance of his own work. Mr. BEALE (examined). "The Ship on Fire" is a song of a dramatic character. (Cross-examined). I have heard it sung by Russell; he accompanied himself. There is a piano and forte in most songs; "All's Well" is not a dramatic song, it's a duet. "The Ship on Fire" is as original as any song we have; it may resemble Rooke's *Amike* in one part; I call it a dramatic song. Mr. WEST (examined). I have heard Mr. Smith perform "The Ship on Fire; it was the same as Russell's, note for note. Mr. Russell's piece, as a part of the diatonic major-scale; the same as Rooke's *Amélie*, but the harmony in Mr. Russell's song is original and the time and key are different in the two pieces. The diatonic major-scale belongs to me or any one. Sir HENRY BISHOP. "The Ship on Fire" is an original song; it is as original as songs are in modern days; Haydn was not always original but the songs that he brought out are still called his; few composers can be called original; Beethoven and Cherubini were original; there are passages in Beethoven similar to previous composers; this occurs in the works of all the great composers. "The Heavens are Telling" resembles "The Lass of Richmond Hill.—Verdict, Forty Shillings Damages.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

THE art of speaking well, has, in most civilized countries, been a cherished mark of distinction, between the elevated and the humble conditions of life, and has been immediately connected with some of the greater labours of ambition and taste. It may, therefore, appear extraordinary, that the world with all its works of philosophy should have been satisfied with an instinctive exercise of the art, and with occasional examples of its supposed perfection: without an endeavour to found an analytic system of instruction productive of more multiplied instances of success. Due reflection, however, will convince us, that even this extended purpose of the

art of speaking, has been one of the causes of neglect. The renowned of the senate, the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, applauded into self-confidence by the multitude that surrounds them, cannot acknowledge the necessity of improvement: for the rewards that await the art of gratifying the general ear are in no less a degree encouraging to the faults of the voice than the approving judgment of the million is subversive of the rigid discipline of the mind.

Physiologists have described and classed the organic position by which the alphabetic elements are produced. On other points their attempts have not been so satisfactory. In investigating the subject of intonation, they have not designated, by some known or invented scale, the modes and degrees of such movements. They have rather given their attention to such questions as these:—Whether the organs of the voice partake of the nature of a wind or stringed instrument? how the falsetto is made? and whether acuteness and gravity are formed by variations in the dimensions of the glottis, or in the tension of its chords. They have carefully inspected the cartilages and muscles of the larynx, to discover thereby the immediate cause of intonation, whilst they were ignorant of the very modes and degrees of that intonation. In short they have tried to see sound and touch it with the dissecting knife—and all this without reaching any positive conclusion, or describing more of the audible effect of the anatomical structure, than was known two thousand years ago.

The Greek and Roman rhetoricians and writers on music recorded their knowledge of the functions of the voice. They distinguished its different qualities, by such terms as hard, smooth, sharp, clear, hoarse, full, slender, flowing, flexible, shrill, and austere; they knew the time of the voice, and had a view to its quantities in pronunciation. They gave to stress, under its form of accent and emphasis, appropriate places in speech. They discovered two modes of ascent and descent in pitch; one, by a continuous rising or falling slide, which they called *concrete* sound; the other by a discontinuous movement, which they called *discrete* sound, they also ascertained that the concrete was employed in speech and the discrete on musical instruments. Though from carrying the analysis no further, they erroneously supposed, as we shall learn hereafter, that the concrete was *solely* appropriated to speech, the discrete *solely* to instruments. The uses of pitch or the tones of the voice as they are called were conducted altogether by imitation, and the means of improvement were not reduced to any precise or available directions of art.

The few and indeterminate designations of the modes in reading, compared with the number and accuracy of the terms in music, imply the different degrees of success with which each has been cultivated. The inquirers into the nature of speech have given up their judgments to authority, and their pens to quotation. The musician has devoted his ear to observation and his labour to the trial of its truth. The words quick, slow, long, short, loud, soft, rise, fall, and turn, include nearly all the analytic terms of the art. How far they fall short of an enumeration of all the functions of the voice, and how fairly the present condition of our knowledge is here represented, shall be determined by an age to come, when the ear will have made deliberate examination.

A conviction of the imperfect state of our knowledge in some of the branches of the art of speaking first suggested the design of the ensuing investigation, whilst a hope to influence others to assist in the completion of a desirable measurement and method of the voice produces the present work.

I cannot withhold from this place a remark, on the importance of fixed principles in the arts; not only because these principles are the true sources of the intellectual enjoyment, which the arts afford, but because they are the most effective means for their improvement; and, although the entire want of such principles for the government of intonation, has unnecessarily led to the belief that they cannot be instituted, it will be shown, in the following essay, that they are not only as essential, but, likewise, as attainable in elocution, as in any other art which employs the judgment and interests the imagination. Music, with its infinitude of details, would still have been a mystery, if the doctrine of its intervals and time, and the mode of their construction could have been caught, only from the multiplied combinations and rapid execution of the orchestra. The accuracy of mathematical calculation, joined with the sober patience of the ear, over the slow practice of

its elements, has not had more success in disclosing the system of this beautiful and luminous science than a similar watchfulness over the deliberate movements of speech will afford for the facilities of observation and the conscious use of its acquisition. If there is any scope in the works of nature, or any foredoomed efficiency of means to complete the circle of her designs, we shall find, on the development of the scheme of speech, those unalterable rules, within the pale of which, the voice should be variously exercised, in order to give light to the understanding and pleasure to the ear.

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday and Tuesday *La Sonnambula* was played for the second and third times. On Thursday, an extra night, *Roberto il Diavolo* was given. The ballet-performances have consisted of the same entertainments we have already so frequently noticed, viz:—*Tableaux* from *Coralia*, or *Thea*, and several incidental dances, with Cerito, Rosati, Marie Taglioni, Perrot, St. Leon, &c. Lucile Grahn has been seriously ill but has now, we believe, quite recovered. Cerito, has also been slightly indisposed, so as to prevent her dancing on Tuesday and Thursday.

The houses have been overflowing and the enthusiasm of Mdle. Lind has not one item abated. Her next character will, we understand, be in the *Fille du Regiment* of Donizetti, which is now in active rehearsal. Mr. Lumley is certainly a lucky man, but no one can grudge him what he has obtained by indomitable energy and perseverance. He won Jenny Lind well—may he wear her long. We wish him no better, nor worse.

On Saturday Marie Taglioni danced for the last time. She was received with that applause which was due to her great merits and unassuming character. Perhaps no dancer ever won reputation and friends so quickly as Marie Taglioni. She made her first public *débüt*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the opening night of the season. Her charming talent was, at once, appreciated, and her personal beauty and agreeable manner achieved what her artistic promise began. She is already an established favourite here, and her annual appearance amongst us will be looked for with anxiety. Mr. Lumley could not possibly have made a more happy addition to his choregraphic troupe. We believe Marie Taglioni is scarcely sixteen; if so her talent is the more remarkable and the greatest things may be anticipated of her future career. She has gone, with her father, M. Paul Taglioni, to Berlin, where the latter resumes his duties, as *ballet-master*, at the Opera.

To-night Carlotta Grisi makes her first appearance, this season, in *Esmeralda*. This will be a *fête* for the lovers of the ballet. The popular and admirable *danseuse* is engaged for two months.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The production of *Lucrezia Borgia* on Saturday night was, as yet, the greatest triumph of the new operatic establishment. Whether we take into consideration the ensemble of the band and the chorus, or the principals severally, we shall find nothing to award but the very highest praise. It was one of the most complete operatic performances ever presented to a British audience. Nearly the whole strength of the company was made available, and the smallest parts were entrusted to artists, who, hitherto, had been accustomed to appear in nothing subordinate. This speaks loudly in favour of the management, but still more loudly for the leading members of the vocal corps, who, throwing aside all feelings of rivalry, had no ulterior consideration beyond that of illus-

trating a great work of a master in the most complete manner. To Signor Marini, especially, the chiefest thanks is due, for not only undertaking an inferior part, but for resigning to another artist, without a murmur, a principal character in the opera, in which he had won himself a great continental reputation. This is truly pulling together in the same harness, and while works are thus produced, as *Lucrezia Borgia* was produced on Saturday night, the management can have no fear of realizing its most sanguine hopes of success. On some few occasions we have found reason to stint our praise of the Royal Italian Opera; on the present occasion, we cannot be too loud, or laudatory in its commendation. Let the reader peruse the cast of characters, and judge for himself, whether we are attempting to hyperbolise.

Don Alfonso,	(Duke of Ferrara)	:	SIGNOR TAMBURINI,
Lucrezia Borgia,	(Duchess of Ferrara)	:	MADAME GRIST,
Gennaro,	(Son of the Duchess)	:	SIGNOR MARIO,
Maffio Orsini,	(Friend to Gennaro)	:	MADemoiselle ALBONI,
Astolfo	(an agent of the Duchess)	:	SIGNOR PIETRO LEY,
Ascanio Petrucio	"	:	SIGNOR POLONINI,
Don Apostolo Gazella	"	:	SIGNOR MARINI,
Rustighello	(an agent of the Duke)	:	SIGNOR LAVIA,
Joppo Liverotto	"	:	SIGNOR TULLI,
Oloferno Vitellozzo	(an agent of the Duchess)	:	SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.

Our readers and the public are sufficiently acquainted with Donizetti's opera to preclude us from entering into the merits of the music, or the drama. The opera is considered one of the master's best serious works, and with this estimate we feel inclined to agree. The drama is taken from Victor Hugo's celebrated tragedy, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and though not happily adapted in the operatic version, it still retains much of the fearful interest, and several of the striking situations of the splendid original. The first indication of the superior manner in which the opera was got up on Saturday evening, was instanced in the performance of the chorus in the first scene, "Bando a si triste," which was so magnificently given as to elicit a tremendous encore. It was sung to perfection, which can hardly be a matter of doubt, when we mention Alboni, Marini, Tagliafico, Mario, and Polonini among the singers. Marini's magnificent bass voice came out grandly in the forte, and towered above all the rest. The scene between Astolfo, the agent of the Duchess, and Rustighello, the agent of the Duke, when the latter has the former seized by a band of soldiers, was also admirably managed, and given with completeness; the singing of Pietro Ley and Lavia being worthy of very great praise. The chorus, "Al suo nome," was rendered with fine effect. What we have noted here of the chorus in the above *morceaux*, may be applied to their entire share of the performance. They were uniformly excellent throughout the whole opera. Of Alboni, we have already spoken so much in terms of praise, as almost to have expended our vocabulary of eulogy. She was at least as great in Orsini as in any of her previous efforts. The audience seemed to think the artist was far greater, for on no former occasion did she excite so much enthusiasm. In the *romanza*, "Nella fatal di Rimini," she was encored, and subsequently recalled. Such an encore, and such a recall, we have rarely witnessed indeed. In the bacchanalian ballad, "Il segreto per esser," a still greater triumph awaited her. She was encored twice, and recalled afterwards. Her acting in this scene was admirable. Her whole performance created a veritable *furor*. Mademoiselle Alboni was in splendid voice—when is she not?—and sang most exquisitely—when does she not? Mario, when he commenced, exhibited symptoms of his late illness. We were aware of his still labouring under the effects of his attack of influenza, but, sooner than disappoint the

subscribers and the public, he waived all thoughts of self, and would not postpone the opera a single night. In the last act, however, he seemed to have discarded all his illness, and sang and acted as finely as ever. The beautiful aria, "Come e soave," was deliciously given, and rapturously *encored*. We hardly ever remember Mario to have sung with more sweetness and more expression. In the last scene his acting was really great, and his death managed with the highest possible art. Tamburini, as the Duke, had but one scene in which his powers were called forth, but in that one scene the artist was surpassingly fine. His cold-bloodedness and Iago-like aspect as he watched the Duchess's countenance when Gennaro was brought in to be put to death, was masterly in the extreme; and the serpent-like smile he put on when he demanded of Lucrezia, "Noto vi e desso?" was worthy of the greatest tragedian. Many more delicate points were given in this scene with the deepest skill and insight into character, which unfortunately were lost on the majority of the audience, who were in utter ignorance of the words the great artist uttered. If audiences at our Italian Operas could understand the language which forms the vehicle to the music, they would not always bestow their loudest acclamations upon the strongest singers, but would sometimes feel that passion has other grand vents besides force and vociferation. In this scene of Tamburini's we ourselves felt the full power of the great actor, and were assured his consummate art was never more truthfully, or intensely exhibited. It was such a piece of acting, so unexaggerated, so deep and full of meaning, as Macready would have loved to look upon. Nothing could be finer than the assumed calmness of the artist, while he was probing his faithless spouse to the quick, till she inquires of him, "who makes him so determined against Gennaro?" when turning upon her, he utters, in a tone of frenzy, "You!" and then follows an explosion of passion, intensely real and grand. The whole of this scene, between Grisi and Tamburini was a great dramatic feast. Our friend, a brother of the daily press, in his notice on Tamburini's performance of the Duke, is something stinting in his praise, because, as he says, he had seen Lablache, who was the original of the part. We beg to assure our honest and thoroughly impartial cotemporary that he labours under an error. We dislike all comparisons, and between two such artists as Tamburini and Lablache it would appear particularly invidious; but, we cannot refrain from setting the critic to rights, regarding the original performance of the Duke Alfonso, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. When the opera was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, Tamburini was the original Duke. After his secession, Lablache undertook the character, but, being a *basso*, was compelled to transpose the music. It was Tamburini, and not Lablache, who identified himself with Duke Alfonso. The impression Grisi left upon our minds in her performance of Lucrezia Borgia, on Saturday night, it will take a long time to efface. We never witnessed, on the boards of any stage, a grander representation of the tragic passions. It would take more room than we could well spare to enumerate half the excellencies of her singing and acting. Signs there were, occasionally, in her singing, that Grisi, as well as Mario, was labouring under the effects of influenza; but, who would condescend to name the spots in the sun, when describing that glorious luminary? As lofty and haughty as her Semiramide, or Norma; as thrilling as her Donna Anna; as pathetic as her Anna Bolena; Grisi's Lucrezia rises far above them all in sustained intensity and vigour. Her first song, "Come e bello," was hardly given with the finish and precision we have heard it on other occasions. The effects of her illness were perceivable; but, throughout

the scene, with Gennaro, she was all herself again, and sang with unusual effect. In this scene her acting was exquisitely truthful and beautiful. In the next scene, with the revellers, when they all taunt her with her crimes, she came out with such power and fire as to electrify the house. The curtain fell amidst a storm of applause. The scene with the Duke was so magnificent, involving so many different shades of feeling and passion, depicted so truthfully, as to leave it a difficult task to look for anything in modern tragic acting to surpass it, or even to parallel with it. Her rage, when she demands the Duke to punish the traitor, who has dared to defame her name, the vengeful joy she exhibits when told her calumniator is in the Duke's hands, her horror at beholding in her calumniator, Gennaro, her own son; her agonised endeavour to save his life, without betraying who he is; her pathetic pleadings to the Duke, and her despair when forced to decide whether Gennaro shall die by poison, or by the sword, were all evidences of the very loftiest art. The subsequent scene with Gennaro, where she entreats him to take the antidote, after he has drunk the poison, was tremendously grand. Her last scene with Gennaro, where his death occurs, was grander than all. We have no terms capable of conveying the absolute sublimity of her performance here. Siddons herself, as she wailed over the death of Arthur, was never more affecting, or more real. The aria, "Era desso il figlio mio," unfortunately the weakest *morceau* in the opera, was given like the notes of the dying swan, and her last words, as she falls on the body of her son, were uttered as if they came from a heart on the verge of breaking. After such a performance what are re-calls, bravos, plaudits, enthusiasm, and *furor*? Compliments, certainly, as indicating the feeling of the audience, but absolutely nothing commensurate with the merits of the artist. In such a case is not the silenced tongue, and the mute hands, evidencing the throbbing heart, fitter eulogy, than roars and thunder, and useless summonings? So felt we—when the curtain fell, our lips were sealed: when Grisi came on our hands were not uplifted.

After the opera, the *divertissement*, *La Bouquetiers de Venise*, was performed, in which Mademoiselle Fanny Elssler introduced the *Cachucha* for the second time, and gained immense applause. The opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated on Tuesday, with increased effect; after which, a new ballet was produced, entitled, *La Salamandrine*. We propose reviewing this ballet, next week, at some length, and introducing in our notice an original poem founded on the *Salamandrine*, written by a celebrated author, and shall therefore reserve our remarks till our next number. On Thursday, an extra-night, the *Lucrezia* was performed for the third time, with the last act of *Italiana* and *La Salamandrine*. This evening, the *Barbiere* is played with an unexpected cast of characters; and *Don Giovanni* is announced for next Thursday. D. R.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

SIR,—In answer to the letter of Phil-Hymnos, in your last, I send you the order of service for next Sunday evening. The writer cannot surely be aware that the object of the Society is to have the music of the church sung properly in the church by persons who have been educated in the science. The profession have been brought up in the church, and ought, in my opinion, to be found employment and properly remunerated. The anthems were written for the use of the church, and not for the concert-room. The service that we sing on Sunday evenings is written by the organist of Rochester Cathedral, and is a very clever composition; and we have many that could and would write for the church, if there was even a chance of their writings being heard. Trinity Church has no means of supporting a choir but by annual subscriptions and voluntary contributions, while the Mother Church, I have been informed, has an

income of £1,500 a year to repair the outside of it, arising from the Haines Inn estate. Mr. Surman has been applied to by the clergyman and churchwardens of the church to undertake the superintendence of the choir, and the means that are made use of to support it are in accordance with their directions. I am happy to say that the congregation is increasing, and applications are being made from other churches to provide them with educated choristers. If any of the clergy were to go there in the evening, they would hear the same music sung as at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal, where best sung, I must leave them to judge for themselves.—Yours, truly,

A CHORISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH.

MR. HOLM, THE PHRENOLOGIST.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Knowing the earnest interest that so many of your subscribers attach to the important science of Phrenology, I cannot resist to beg of you a corner for a few lines, to direct their attention to a most exquisite portrait of the worthy philosopher and phrenologist, Holm, Esq. (the friend of the great Spurzheim), which is at the present Royal exhibition—to use a familiar phrase, it speaks from the canvass. It is decidedly the best and most intellectual likeness I ever saw, and painted with that masterly perfection and decision that at once proclaims the first-rate artist. Mr. Hervien enjoys the greatest reputation on the Continent, and is the best pupil of Girodet. I saw his illustrations of a popular work, and sketches of American manners, which are worthy of the highest praise, giving proofs of the most luxuriant artistic imagination and the highest finish.

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

SIR,—In the double number of your excellent work of the 2nd of May, 1846, there appeared an advertisement, stating, that a gold medal would be awarded, in the following July, for the best Anthem; it went on to state the conditions to be observed and where it might be sent to. As one of the candidates I should feel much obliged if you could inform me whether any award has yet been made, I know that none was made in July as the advertisement stated it would be. I have no doubt but that among your numerous subscribers there are some, who, like myself, sent in their MS. so that if you cannot inform me perhaps some of them can. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A. B.

Westminster, April 30, 1847.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday evening, the new comedy, *Temper*, was produced at this house, with the most complete success. The comedy kept attention alive, if it did not create surprise or emotion. The plot of *Temper* is trivial to a degree, and old as Mount Athos. A young lady is a rich heiress, wayward and passionate. She is beloved by a young gentleman, who is not rich, but is equally wayward and passionate as the young lady. A quarrel ensues, because the lover is not exact in his appointment to sign the marriage settlements; a breach follows, and then a reconciliation. The comedy of *Temper* is neatly written and natural. The characters of the play are sufficiently contrasted, and drawn with some force. Mr. Webster, who played his part extremely well, had to support a calculating fortune-hunter, a character amusing enough, but which may be found in nine novels out of ten. Mr. Farren, in an old bachelor, who is entirely good-natured and has lost his memory, was excellent and appeared to greater advantage than we have seen him for a long time in a new part. Mrs. Glover had a part well suited to her. This great artist played a bustling, perpetually-talking widow, with all her usual power, and excited immense laughter whenever she appeared. The sketches of two country demoiselles admirably supported by Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Humby, were, perhaps, the most meritorious efforts of the author of *Temper*. Miss Fortescue, as the wayward heiress, performed with grace and spirit. She was deserving of much praise in her reconciliation scene in the last act with her lover. The manager has gone to very great expense in producing the comedy. The dresses and scenery were as fine and appropriate as they possibly could be. *Temper* will take its

place beside those works produced at the Haymarket Theatre, which, by a long run, will reimburse the manager for a heavy outlay. The Hungarian Instrumental Vocalists have appeared every evening, during the week, and continue to prove very attractive at second price. Their performances are novel and highly amusing.

PRINCESS'S.—Mrs. Butler closed her engagement last evening with the performance of Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet." Macready and Mrs. Warner are engaged, and appear on Monday, in "Hamlet." A choreographic troupe, called the Hungarian dancers, made their appearance on Thursday evening, and performed several national *pas*, which were received with much applause.

FRENCH PLAYS.—*Un Coup de Lansquenet* is neither a very new, nor a very brilliant idea. A man who pays his court to a married woman, and hesitates at marrying a young and beautiful girl with a large fortune, he himself being over-head and ears in debt—such is the subject matter. The moral is doubtful, and the wit, to say the least of it, stale and second-hand. The usual jokes at the blindness of husbands, more particularly diplomatic ones, the beauty of being dunned by creditors, the excitement of spending other people's money, with an uncle in the back-ground to make all right at the finish; such are the materials worked up into two acts by M. Léon Laya. There is but one good character, that of Desrousseaux, played by Monsieur Regnier; he is a man who would give anything to come out strong, but it won't do; in vain he attempts the *roué*; he cannot be anything but a simple, easy, bashful, country gentleman. M. Regnier was, as usual, excellent: he is so full of mercury, that he keeps himself and every one else continually on the move. His part is the least item in his acting—his bye play is sufficient to carry the house by storm—he gesticulates with his legs, arms, head, hands, hat—in short, he is perpetual motion impersonated. The scene in which he persuades his friend to marry the girl and not to marry her, and his dealing the cards to decide which letter shall be sent, was most amusing. Mademoiselle Denain, as the Marchioness, had a most difficult part to make anything of—a compound of easy morality and forced repentance, without even the merit of voluntarily discarding her would-be lover. This charming actress, nevertheless, supplied by the polished style and graceful sensibility of her performance, all the interest in which the character she had to portray is wanting. She looked, as she always does, handsome and elegant, and lady-like. Mlle. Vallée looked and acted to perfection the part of the young maiden. "Oscar," or *Un Mari qui trompe sa femme*, is worthy of the reputation of M. Scribe in every respect. Oscar Bonnavet has married young, and loves his wife to adoration. Unfortunately he has taken to reading the novels of the romantic school, and he finds everything insipid when compared to the burning passion and harrowing crimes depicted by our modern writers of fiction. His brain turned, by poring over these compositions, he resolves to commit a crime himself, just to judge how he will feel after it, and with this intention, chooses what he calls the most agreeable of all, that of deceiving his wife. Full of this idea, he writes a letter to his niece, and proposes a meeting. She answers, "Oscar, je t'attends;" but his wife gets possession of the epistle, and sends her servant instead. Oscar does not discover his mistake until some time after, and then he is frightened to death that his wife may find him out, he doubles Manette's wages, who, by the bye, is prudently kept in the dark by her mistress, and buys her silence by giving her a large sum of money. The tables are now turned or awhile; Oscar laughs at his own fears, but his wife regains

her empire by relating to him the whole affair in which she had duped him during upwards of six months. Matters are finally brought to a successful termination, and Manette's power is brought to an end. M. Regnier was admirable. His terror of his wife, his fear of discovery, his horror of being betrayed by his servant, his confession to his wife, were all models of comic acting, and kept the house in convulsions. Mademoiselle Denain was admirable as the wife, and made every point tell with exquisite art. M. Cartigny as the uncle, who never loses sight of the main chance, added materially to the success of the piece. Mlle. Duverger looked even more pretty than usual, and threw a proper measure of pertness into the part of the *soubrette*.

CONCERTS.

MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.—The Annual Morning Entertainment of this esteemed professor is usually the herald of the monster-concerts for the season. On the present occasion the *locale* was, as usual, the great music-room of Her Majesty's Theatre. The programme was on the scale of variety and excellence to which Madame Puzzi has, for many years, accustomed her patrons and the public. The following vocalists took part in the proceedings:—Mesdames Montenegro, F. Lablache, Castellán, and Toulmin; Mdles. De Mendi, Georgette Brocard, and Dolby; Signori Gardoni, Fraschini, Lablache, F. Lablache, Coletti, Superchi, and Staudigl. Signor Marras was announced, but did not make his appearance. The vocal selection was generally admirable, some few pieces especially so. Among these were conspicuous two capital songs from the *Bohemian Girl* and the *Castle of Aymon*, by Balfe, delivered by Staudigl, with a characteristic energy of style in which the great German *basso* has very few competitors. The neat and graceful execution of Mlle. de Mendi, a young and pretty Spanish vocalist, nearly related to poor Malibran, in the well-known *air varié*, by Rode, excited general approval. Mlle. Georgette Brocard, a *debutante*, produced a favourable sensation in an *air* from Pacini's *Saffo*, although the *air* itself is devoid of merit. Another noticeable item was the *air*, "Il Sogno," from one of Mercadante's operas, cleverly sung by Signor Coletti, and expressively accompanied by Signor Puzzi, on the horn *obligato*. Madame Montenegro's "Una voce," was a sensible if not a highly finished performance. A trio from Ricci's *Scaramuccia*, rendered with infinite spirit by Signori Fraschini, Superchi, and Coletti; Signor Gardoni's intelligent and graceful delivery of the *air*, "Alla mia mente estatica," from one of Balfe's best operas, *Faust*; and Linley's pretty ballad, "Constance," expressively sung by Miss Dolby, were also to be reckoned among the best features of the concert. Nor must Madame Castellán's "Qual prece," (Mercadante), Signor Coletti's "Se la vita," (Tadolini), and the lively duet, "Les Muletiers," sung by Madame and Signor F. Lablache, be passed over without praise. To avert disappointment, arising from the absence of Signor Marras, a duet was liberally volunteered by Madame Castellán and Signor Lablache, which was warmly appreciated by the audience. The instrumental part of the concert contained several features worthy notice; and, one especially, as much from its novelty as from its merit, we mean the performance of a pianoforte *fantasia*, on Bohemian airs, by Herr Schuloff, a pianist from Prague, who displayed such musically taste and such neat and brilliant mechanism as to force an *encore*, which is a rare occurrence at these fashionable morning concerts, where the preponderance of ladies among the audience obviates the possibility of any energetic demonstrations of approval. The compliment was, therefore, the greater to Herr Schuloff's admirable talent. Instrumental music seemed decidedly to bear the bell at Madame Puzzi's concert—since another *encore* was awarded to Signor Cesare Ciardi, (first flute to the Grand Duke of Tuscany), who exhibited extraordinary facility and marvellous rapidity of utterance in a solo on the flute. Signor Ciardi, though new to this country, has, it would seem, found quick appreciation, since, we understand, that he is in treaty with one of our great musical establishments, M. Lavigne's solo on the oboe and Signor Piatti's solo on the violoncello were equally masterly in their way, and produced the most unequivocal marks of approbation. These

artists are respectively first oboe, and first violoncello in the orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre, of the quality of which they are brilliant examples. The horn performance of Signor Puzzi, exhibited all the usual excellencies and peculiarities of that artist's very individual talent, and was foremost among the morning's attractions. The conductors at the piano were Messrs. Balfe, Pilotti, and Benedict, who effected their *devoir* in that style of excellence that might have been anticipated from their talents and experience. The room was crowded, and no one complained of anything in the concert but its excessive length—the invariable fault of such entertainments.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The third Concert took place on Wednesday, May 5. The selection being under the superintendence of H. R. H. Prince Albert, comprised, as usual, a great number of novelties, and these, combined with the immense attraction of the artists employed to interpret it, ensured the fullest attendance in the Hanover Square Rooms that has hitherto distinguished the ancient performances. This is a distinction that never fails to wait upon the concerts which Prince Albert directs. That illustrious personage is evidently an innovator and is never satisfied with the common places of every day occurrence; from which it results, that even if all his selections be not happy, they never fail to interest as matters of speculation.

PART I.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.—"God Save the Queen." Quintet, Misses S. Novello and M. Williams; Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Herr Staudigl.
GREGORIAN HYMN.—"Alleluia, O Filii et Filie." Mdme. Castellán, Mademoiselle Albani; Signori Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. A. D. 590.
RECIT.—"Sposa, Euridice." {Mademoiselle Albani. (Orfeo).} Glück.
ARIA.—"Che farò." {Mademoiselle Albani.} Glück.
QUINTETTO.—"Ah lasciar devi i rei." Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey, P. and M. Machin, and Semi-chorus. (Joseph). Mehul.
RECIT.—"Tis Well." {Mr. Lockey. (Joshua). Handel.
MARCH.—"Glory to God." {Mr. Lockey. (Joshua). Handel.
CHORUS.—"Se nel ben," Signor Gardoni. (Stradella). A. D. 1660.
MOTETTO.—"Io cantero le lodi di quel Dio," Solo by Madame Castellán and Mademoiselle Albani. Marcello.
PRELUDE and FUGUE on the Name of BACH—Organ. (Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bertholdy). Bach.
FINALE to the First Act of *Il Flauto Magico*, Mdme. Castellán, Mlle. Albani, Misses S. Novello, and M. Williams; Signori Mario, Gardoni, Tamburini, Herr Staudigl, and Chorus. Mozart.

PART II.

OVERTURE, Fugato. Mozart.
ROMANCE.—"Dans ma cabane obscure," Signor Mario, (Le Devin du Village). Rousseau.
THE EASTER HYMN.—"Jesus Christ is risen to-day." Solos by Mdme. Castellán, Misses M. Williams and S. Novello, Messrs. Lockey, Machin, and Herr Staudigl.
DUETTO.—"Un non so che," Madame Castellán and Signor Mario, (Das Unterbrochene Opferfest). Winter.
AIR.—"Le Roi passoit," Signor Tamburini, (Le Déserteur). Monsigny.
DUETTO.—"Oh, guardata! che figura," Mdle. Albani and Signor Lablache, (Le Capriccioso corsetta). Gagliardi.
ROMANCE and CHORUS.—"Plaisir d'amour," Madame Castellán. Martini.
CHORUS.—"Gloria in excelsis." Cherubini.
Conductor—Sir H. R. Bishop. Organ—Mr. Lucas.

Out of the seventeen pieces eleven were novelties, and out of the eleven novelties half a dozen, at least, were worth a hearing. The Gregorian chant was harmonised in a style by no means Gregorian—we know not by what musician. The *Motetto* of Marcello is a clever but not an exciting composition; still it merited a hearing. The *finale* to *Il Flauto Magico* was a treat, although it might have been more carefully executed. The overture, *Fugato*, of Mozart, is a masterly effort, and the introduction of this alone entitles Prince Albert to the thanks of the subscribers. Stradella's *air* was expressively sung by Gardoni, and Rousseau's simple ballad admirably expressed by Mario. Of course the organ performance of Dr. Mendelssohn, vile as is the organ of the Hanover Square Rooms, was the most interesting point in the programme. It was at the special request of H. R. H. Prince Albert that the greatest of organists, pianists, and composers, appeared in public on this occasion, for the last time, previous to his departure for the continent. He selected the Fugue of Sebastian Bach, (well known to his admirers), constructed on the notes which answers to the letters of his name; B (B flat) A-C-H (B natural) according to German notation. This he prefaced by a prelude to the same composer, selected from another work, but agreeable in character and key to what was to follow. It was a masterly and splendid performance and got more applause than we ever heard recorded at the Ancient Concerts. Mendelssohn's

almost the only player in the world who can accommodate himself to the peculiarities of a defective instrument, or make his hearers forget the imperfections of the medium through which he interprets himself—and this was shown to admiration on the infamous organ that has so long disgraced the Hanover Square Rooms. With a word for Mademoiselle Alboni's "Che farò," which was excellent, and for Staudigl's general singing all through the concert we must conclude the notice of this—the most interesting ancient performance of the season.

The Fourth took place on Wednesday evening, under the direction of his Grace the Archbishop of York. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

OVERTURE.....(Samson).....Handel.
NATIONAL HYMN.—"Lord of Heaven," Miss Rainforth, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Machin, and Chorus.....Haydn.
AIR.—"O Lord, have mercy upon me," Herr Staudigl.....Pergolesi.
CANTATA.—"List to the music," (The Song of the Quail), Miss Rainforth.....Beethoven.
LUTHER'S HYMN.—"Great God! what do I see and hear?" Herr Staudigl, and Chorus.
CHORUS.—"He gave them hailstones." (Israel in Egypt).....Handel.
RECIT.—"Abscheulicher wo eilst!" (Fidelio), Madame Knispel.....Beethoven.
ARIA.—"Komm Hoffnung,".....Madame Knispel.....Beethoven.
PRAYER.—"Vater, ich rufe dich," Herr Staudigl.....Himmel.
ARIA CON CORO.—"Vengo a voi," Madame Caradori Allan, (German-lemme liberata).....Zingarelli.
SELECTION FROM SECOND SERVICE.—"Kyrie eleison!" Solos, Mad. Caradori Allan, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Staudigl. Haydn.

PART II.

OVERTURE.....(Semiramis).....Catel.
CHANT FRANÇAIS.—"Ecoutez, tous gentils Gallois," Chorus. (La Bataille de Marignan).....Clement Janquin, A. D. 1515.
DUETTO.—"Quel sepolcro," Mad. Knispel & Herr Staudigl. (Agnese), Paer.
RECIT.—"Andiamo, andiamo,".....Madame Caradori. (Armida), Gluck.
SOLO E CORO.—"Invano alcun desir,".....Madame Caradori. (Armida), Gluck.
QUARTETTO E CORO.—"O voto tremendo," Miss Rainforth, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Staudigl.....Mozart.
RECIT.—"E Susanna non vien,".....Mad. Caradori & Herr Staudigl. (Pergolesi).
ARIA.—"Dove sono,".....(La Nozze di Figaro).....Mozart.
QUINTET.—"Blow, gentle gale,".....(The Slave).....Sir H. R. Bishop.
RECIT.—"Vattene aglia mia,".....Mad. Caradori & Herr Staudigl. (Pergolesi).
DUETTO.—"Lo conosco,".....(La Serva Padrona).....Pergolesi.
FINALE to the Second Act of Fidelio.—Solos, Madame Caradori, Miss Rainforth, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Peck, Mr. Whitworth, and Herr Staudigl.....Beethoven.

The above programme was entirely destitute of any interest derivable from the novelty of its materials. The only two new points—Catel's overture to *Semiramis*, and Jannequin's *Chant Français*, were both failures. The best singing of the evening was Miss Rainforth's "Song of the Quail," Madame Caradori's "Invano alcun desir," (Gluck), which was repeated, and the two songs of Herr Staudigl. The room was not nearly full. Prince Albert was present.

HERR KUHE'S CONCERT.—The concert giver is a pianist of considerable pretensions, and his programme attracted a full audience to the Hanover Square Rooms, among whom was no less distinguished a personage than Mdle Jenny Lutzer. Herr Kuhe played two fantasia's, one by Emile Prudent, the other by himself, the musical merits of which are about on a par. He has a rapid and distinct finger, and great power, plays octave and scale passages with great facility and neatness, and does not exaggerate by a double administration of what is called sentiment by pianists of the modern school. On the whole his playing, if not of the most astonishing, is highly agreeable and effective. Her Kuhe also performed two duets; one with Herr Joseph Helmesberger, for piano and violin, (composed by Wolf and Vieuxtemps in conjunction), the other with Mad. Dulcken for two pianos, both of which were deservedly well received. The latter is a brilliant and clever arrangement of airs from Donizetti's "La Fille du Regiment," and is highly creditable to Herr Kuhe's reputation as a composer for the piano of the modern school. Besides his own performances, Herr Kuhe had provided a good substantial selection of vocalities and instrumentalities for his patrons. Among the most notable things were the duet of the young violinists, Joseph and George Helmesberger, of which we have elsewhere spoken; a violoncello solo, capitally executed by Mr. Hausmann; a fantasia on the flute by Sig. Cesare Ciardi, first flute to the grand Duke of Tuscany, one of the most extraordinary displays of finished and elaborate execution we ever listened to, and a guitar solo by M. Leonard Schulz, in which the artist evinced a command over the instrument, and brought out a tone and effect from its poor resources that

except to those who have heard this accomplished performer would appear incredible. The vocal music provided by Herr Kuhe was sustained by the talents of Misses Dolby, Pyne, and L. Pyne, (Sir George Smart's clever pupils, who have just returned from a successful professional trip to Paris,) Mad. Knispel, Mad. Jenny Lutzer, Signors Marras and Galli, Herr Hoelzel, and Mr. Gregg (a promising pupil of Herr Staudigl). The gems were Miss Dolby's "Quando Almiro," the Misses Pyne's *bolero* from the sparkling "Diamans de la Couronne," of Auber; an air from Mozart's "Figaro," by Mad. Knispel; another from Donizetti's "Linda" by Mad. Jenny Lutzer; a graceful cavatina from the "Diamans de la Couronne," by Miss L. Pyne; an air "Bella adorata," (Mercedante) by Sig. Marras; two pretty German *lieder* by Herr Hoelzel; and Linley's simple ballad "Constance," by Miss Dolby. Altogether the selection was exceedingly interesting, and honorable to the taste and judgment of the clever concert-giver, Herr Kuhe.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS gave a grand concert for the benefit of the Institution on Friday evening, May 7, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Misses Bassano, Birch, Cubitt, Dolby, Duval, Lincoln, Sabilla Novello, Poole, Rainforth, Steele, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, and Mad. Jenny Lutzer, Messrs. Braham Lockey, Manvers, Machin, and W. H. Seguin. Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Benedict, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, and Herr Joseph, and George Helmesberger were the instrumental performers. The band played the overture to "Oberon." Bach's trio, for three pianofortes, was played splendidly by Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Sterndale Bennett. The rooms were very full. Mr. Benedict and Mr. Sterndale Bennett conducted. The Society of Female Musicians is deserving of the support of musicians, and those who have the interest of music at heart. The object of this Institution is for the benefit of such of its distressed members, as by relationship or other ties, have no claim on the funds of the Royal Society of Musicians. It has been established eight years, but its design is not yet widely-enough known to have gained that public patronage which it merits, and no doubt will ultimately obtain.

MA. J. COHAN'S pianoforte recital took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. Why it was called pianoforte recital we are at a loss to guess, seeing that Miss Birch sang, and Miss Dolby also; and Mr. Hart likewise; and Miss Ransford too; and Mr. John Parry moreover; and in addition Mr. Blagrove played a solo on the violin, and also performed in a sonata of Beethoven's. We think, begging Mr. J. Cohan's pardon, the name was a misnomer. The concert was a capital one. Miss Birch and Miss Dolby opened the ball with a duet, and Mr. Cohan followed with a brilliant fantasia of his own composing, an air from Freyschutz; and then Miss Birch gave an aria, and Mr. Cohan performed another fantasia "See the conquering hero comes," whereupon Miss Birch saying "Tell me, my heart," (Bishop's) and was vehemently encored; and Mr. Cohan played a tremendous martial Fantasia, entitled "The Greek Revolution," which was uproariously applauded; and Albert Smith's song of "Young England" was sung by John Parry, and, of course, encored, and so ended the first part of the piano-forte recital. Part second was in the same spirit, therefore we need not enumerate. The best thing in the second part was Beethoven's sonata for violin and piano, excellently played by Blagrove and Cohan. But it is in his own works that the very peculiar genius of this pianist is shown. Mr. Cohan has an immense finger, and his execution is extraordinary. He was applauded tremendously in every piece, and excited a species of *furor* among the audience. We are glad to see the rooms crowded to excess, for Mr. J. Cohan is in every way worthy of the support of his admirers.

"HERR AND FRAULEIN HELENE STÖPEL'S grand morning concert was held on Thursday, under the immediate patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Marchioness of Londonderry. Mdle. Helen Stöpel is pianist to her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. The programme of the concert was excellent; the instrumental being happily varied with the vocal performances. Among the former may be reckoned M. Stevenier's on the violin, Sig. Piatti on the violoncello, Mdle. Stöpel on the piano, and M. Herr Stöpel on the xilocordeon. In addition to these, twenty pianists, mostly pupils of Herr Stöpel, performed several *morceaux* on ten pianos, with great effect. Mdle. Stöpel's principal performance was the *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasia of Leopold De Meyer,

which she gave in such a manner as to elicit the most enthusiastic applauses from the whole house. This charming young artist made a most favourable impression by the way she played this, one of Meyer's most difficult pieces. Mdle. Stöpel has a very brilliant finger, reminding us sometimes of Madame Pleyel. We have been rarely so much pleased with a fair pianist as we were on Thursday evening with Mdle. Helene Stöpel. Herr Stöpel's method of teaching the piano, judging from the effect produced by his pupils, is admirable. Among the vocal performances, by the way, there was one worthy of note, both on account of its novelty and its merit. This was a *scena* "Per basso l'esule," from an opera by Verdi, which was sung by Signor Montelli, an Italian *barytone*, new to our concert-rooms. Signor Montelli's voice is powerful, and of a very agreeable quality. He sings with taste and energy, and only requires a little more experience to make him a very pleasing and useful addition to our concert-rooms. He was somewhat nervous on this occasion; but time will cure this defect inevitable in a beginner.

THE MUSICAL UNION.—The attraction of the last meeting was Henri Vieuxtemps, the great and justly-celebrated violinist. His performance in the C quartet of Mozart, and the E flat (No. 10) of Beethoven, was transcendent. Finer specimens of quartet-playing were never listened to. Vieuxtemps outshone even himself upon this occasion, a feat not to be accomplished by any other violinist. His playing was colossal. Nothing grander, more impressive, or more perfect, could be desired by the most experienced and punctilious connoisseur. The quartet was admirably filled up, in both instances, by M. Deloffre, Mr. Hill, and Signor Piatti. The *ensemble* was irreproachable. The rest of the performance consisted of two solos. Vieuxtemps played a charming *morceau de salon*, of his own composition, in which he was accompanied on the piano-forte by Madame Vieuxtemps, with singular elegance and facility,—one instrument following the other so closely, that it was difficult to fancy that two performers were engaged. The other solo was a *bolero*, composed by Franchomme, and played to perfection by Signor Piatti, on the violoncello, accompanied by Mr. Vincent Wallace, on the piano, with musicianly skill. We can pardon Mr. Ella the anomaly of solos at classical quartet meetings, when the solos in question are such unexceptionable specimens of taste and skill as these. The room (Willis's) was crowded with rank and fashion.

Miss WHEATLEY's third *soiree musicale* took place at the Kensington Assembly Rooms on Wednesday evening. The vocalists were Miss Cubitt, Miss Ellen Lyon, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Williams. Miss Cubitt was encored in Miss Camidge's ballad, "Did I not love thee," and in the Scotch ballad, "I dinna care to tell." Miss Ellen Lyon was also encored in Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark." Mr. Wells, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Clinton, played the flute accompaniment to this song excellently. Of Miss Wheatley's performance of Hummel's rondo for the piano-forte, with accompaniments, and, in conjunction with Mr. H. Wheatley, her interpretation of Herz and Lafont's duet for piano and violin, from "L'Enfant du regiment," we must speak in high terms. Miss Wheatley also played with effect a solo of Eliason's for the violin. Mr. H. Wheatley is a very able conductor.

Miss P. A. ROBINSON's first concert took place at Crossby Hall on Monday. The *beneficiaire* secured the support of the Misses Williams, Miss Cubitt, Miss Lanza, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiks, Mr. Turner, Mr. C. E. Stevens, Mr. Edney, and Mr. A. Sedgwick. Miss P. A. Robinson sang several songs, and met with considerable applause, and the concert went off with great spirit.

HERR WILLMERS.—This gentleman's private *matinée musicale*, on Monday, at Willis's rooms, was attended by a numerous and intelligent audience of amateurs, artists, and critics. Herr Willmers performed the following selection of pieces, with one exception all his own compositions:—

Fantasia Romantique.—"Un jour d'été en Norvège," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Scherzo, Piano-forte.—"La Sirène," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Sextuor Final, Piano-forte.—"Lucia di Lammermoor," (Transcrit), M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Sonata Quasi Fantasia, Piano-forte, (Op. 27), M. WILLMERS, *Beethoven*. Chant du Nord, Piano-forte.—"Flieg' vogel flieg'!" M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Serenata Erotica, Piano-forte.—"Pour la main gauche," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*. Etude de Concert, Piano-forte.—"La Pompa di festo," M. WILLMERS, *Willmers*.

All we premised in our last of the extraordinary mechanical

excellence of Herr Willmers was justified by his performance. No living pianist has a more vigorous grasp of the instrument, a more powerful and sonorous tone, a more wonderful command of the most perplexing difficulties. We have not space to specialize his achievements on the present occasion, but we must single out as the most amazing effort of the morning, the "*serenata erotica*," in which the pianist accomplished, with his left hand alone, as much as could be reasonably expected of two ordinary players, with the full use of their double pair of hands! When will these marvels of digital force and suppleness reach their apex, and tumble down into common-place sensibility? Notwithstanding the continual astonishment to which we were subjected by the unheard-of difficulties compassed by the fingers of this trinity-of-pianists-in-one-person, we must own that we were more pleased with his execution of Beethoven's lovely sonata than with any thing else he effected. Allowing for the slight excess to which he carried the *tempo rubato* in the *presto*, Herr Willmers interpreted this sonata in a style that may truly be styled classical. The execution was faultless, and the expression quite in the true Beethoven feeling. We must leave Herr Willmers for the present, but trust to have another opportunity of treating more elaborately of the peculiarities of his singular talent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. W. VINCENT WALLACE took a benefit at Drury Lane, on Monday evening. The entertainments embraced the performance of *Maritana*, followed by a Monster Concert, and concluded with a *ballet divertissement*. The two great features of the evening were the first appearance of a new English tenor, Mr. J. S. Reeves, and the pianoforte performance of Herr Jules Schulhoff. Mr. Reeves produced a great impression. His voice is powerful and full toned, and his singing is characterised by sweet expression and taste. He gave an *aria* of Verdi with great energy, and was tumultuously applauded. Herr Jules Schulhoff performed a composition of his own, and exhibited very extraordinary powers on the piano. In rapidity of fingering, brilliancy of execution, and delicacy of touch, he reminds us more of Leopold de Meyer than any pianist we have heard of late. His performance was rapturously applauded. Mr. Wallace conducted the opera, and Signor Schira accompanied all the vocal music. We were sorry not to see the house better attended. The name of Vincent Wallace is a tower of strength, and we expected to have seen more universal homage paid to the elegant composer of *Maritana* and *Matilda*.

M. GODEFROID.—We have already announced the arrival of this admirable harpist, who will remain with us during the season. M. Godefroid's last performance in Paris was at the *Conservatoire*, which rarely opens its classical portals to a harpist. M. Godefroid performed three pieces of his own composition, *La Melancolie*, *La Répe*, and *La Danse des Sylphes*, two of which were encored with enthusiasm, an unusual occurrence at these classical concerts. This was a worthy climax to M. Godefroid's almost unprecedented Parisian successes.

MADAME CELESTE, has announced her benefit for Wednesday next at the Adelphi, on which occasion the *Flowers of the Forest* will be performed, with a new comedy, called *Flying Colours*; or, *Crossing the Frontiers*, in which Mr. Webster of the Haymarket, will appear. The fair Manageress is worthy of every support from the Public, and is entitled to a bumper-royal.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—At the Sixth Concert, on Monday evening, Spohr's *Wiehe der Töne* and Mozart's E flat, will be the symphonies. The overtures are to be *Egmont* and an overture in C, both by Beethoven. The *concerto* will be a violin one composed and played by Vieuxtemps. If the vocal music be as good the concert can hardly fail of pleasing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. MUHLFELDT's Concert—the last paper on "Elijah," and other articles, unavoidably postponed till next week.

The large number of Manuscripts, Musical and Literary, that are sent to us for publication, lays us under the necessity of requesting that those who desire to favour "The Musical World" with their contributions will be careful to keep copies of whatever they may be pleased to offer us for consideration, as we cannot possibly undertake to return them, if they be rejected.

The lines for music, "I would I was a fairy," are politely declined. We are unable to answer the question of our correspondent, T. P.

C. R. (Lymington)—The most likely place to meet with Sonatas of Handel (which, we regret to say, we never saw), is Coventry and Hollier's, Dean St., Soho. Of the glee we never heard, but there are large collections of old glees in the catalogues of D'Almaine & Co., Soho Sq.; and of Chappell, in Bond Street.

H. L. C. (Belfast)—We think the information required, will be found by our Correspondent in our Opera-articles. We shall have much pleasure in reviewing the flute-piece.

IGNORANCE—"If ignorance be bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." As we imagine, from the jocose style of his epistle, that "Ignorance" exults blissfully in the attribute that has suggested his self-applied sobriquet, we shall not run the risk of making him unhappy, by enlightening him on the points about which he questions us.

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SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE,

WILL TAKE PLACE

At **WILLIS'S ROOMS**, King Street, St. James's, on **MONDAY**, May, the 31st., to commence at Two o'clock precisely. On which occasion he will be assisted by several celebrated Artists. Tickets and Reserved Seats may be had at all the principal Music Warehouses, and of Mr. Willmers, 25, South Molton Street.

MR. HENRY WYLDE

HAS THE HONOUR TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT

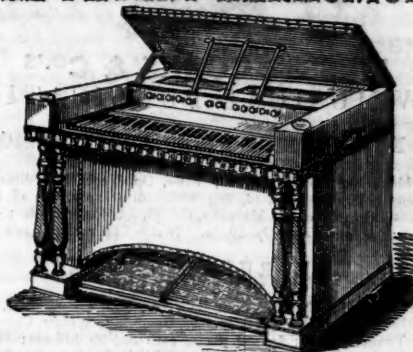
will take place at the **HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS**,

On **TUESDAY**, the 15th June,

to commence at Two o'clock precisely, on which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists—Mesdames **JENNY LUTZER**, and **A. & M. WILLIAMS**; Mr. **JOHN PARRY**, and **HERR FISCHER**. Pianoforte, Mr. **HENRY WYLDE**; Violin, **HERR JOACHIM**. The Orchestra will be numerous and complete in every department. Conductor, Mr. **LUCAS**.

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This beautiful Instrument possesses the softness of the voice with the variety of tone of every wind Instrument, as also the power of a large Organ. It is equally suitable for Sacred Music, or the Dance, and adapted for the Drawing Room, Concert Room, Church or Chapel. Printed particulars can be had of **LUFF and SON**, sole agents, where the **PATENT HARMONIUM** can be heard from 10 till 4, daily; and where can be inspected.

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Application to be directed to Mr. **Raymond**, Musical World Office, 60, St. Martin's Lane, London.

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By **A. SICCAMA, B.A.**, Inventor and Patentee.

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THE RUSAL DANCES, BY LABITZKY.

Performed at Her Majesty's State Ball, &c.; Morgenland Walzer, Rusalka Galop, Hymnith Polka, Victoria Walzer, Cambridge Walzer, Chinese Galop, and the Tunnel Walzer, for the piano, each 3s.; by Strauss; Herz Tone, Thémis Klänge, Bouquet and Landlich Stütlich Walzer, each 3s.; Strauss New Polka, and Eisele and Beisele ditto.

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The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera and the Public are respectfully informed, that there will be A GRAND EXTRA NIGHT

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 27, 1847,

when will be performed (for the First Time in this Country)
Donizetti's Opera, entitled

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

With NEW SCENERY, DRESSES and DECORATIONS.
The Scenery by Mr. CHARLES MARSHALL.

Mares, Mdle. JENNY LIND.

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Supplisio Sergente, Sig. F. LABLACHE.

AND
Tonio, Sig. GARDONI.

To be followed by various Entertainments in the BALLET DEPARTMENT, combining the talents of Mdle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdle. LUCILE GRAHN, Mdle. CAROLINA ROSATI, Mdle. PETIT STEPHAN and Mdle. CERITO, M. PERROT and M. St. LEON.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

. Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each. Applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls and Tickets, to be made at the Box-Office at the Theatre.—Doors open at Seven o'clock; the Opera to commence at Half-past Seven.

MR. & MRS. W. H. SEGUIN,
(Associate, Hon. Member and Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music,) beg to announce that their

ANNUAL CONCERT

is fixed to take place

On TUESDAY MORNING, the 8th of JUNE,

At the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, under the distinguished Patronage of
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE.

Further particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; Reserved Seats, 15s., to be had of all the principal Music sellers, and of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. SEGUIN, at their residence, No. 43, Curzon-street, May Fair.

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The following eminent Artists will assist:
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The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE and TALBIN; the Music by Signor CURMI.

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Prices of admission, Pit Tickets, 3s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; First Amphitheatre Stalls—First Row, 15s., Second and Third Rows, 12s. 6d.; Second Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s.; First Amphitheatre Tickets, 8s.; Second Amphitheatre Tickets, 5s.; Gallery Tickets, 3s.

The doors will open at half-past Seven, and the performance to commence at Eight.

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MR. WILSON

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A Musical Circulating Library

would appear in a great measure to obviate these inconveniences; yet there are many who object, and naturally so, to pay a considerable sum annually for the mere loan of Music, not having the power to retain as their own property any one piece which they may wish to possess, without making further payments in addition to their annual subscription.

To meet both these difficulties, M. JULLIEN brings forward this New System, which, supported as it will be by the great resources of his extensive London establishment, as well as by his numerous Continental connections, will, he hopes, afford advantages and facilities to his subscribers, to which no other plan hitherto brought forward has ever laid claim.

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